THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL

WILMINGTON, N. C.

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1871.

Our Fire Department.

No citizen of Wilmington, who was present, can fail to appreciate the great improvement in our Fire Department, as evinced at the fire on Wednesday night.—We do not claim that the organization is perfect by any means, or that improvements could not yet be made, but we are not disposed to find fault where all did so well. Possibly some of the property destroyed might have been saved, certainly much more, very much more, would have been burnt but for the efforts of the Fire Department. We have seen fires within the past few years, which had not gained such headway as that of Wednesday night, where the water was in much greater supply, and in localities not half as dangerous, do much more damage.

The improvement is owing rather to the increased facilities than to any greater discipline in the Department. The two steam fire engines and the improved apparatus of the Hook and Ladder Company give us all the facilities which our necessities demand—certainly all that other wants permit to be used with advantage.

The recent fire proved the force of the objections raised by us against the purchase of another steamer for the Fire Department. The two we have mastered the flames so long as the supply of water lasted. But all the water within reach of the fire was soon exhausted, although the scene of the conflagration was in a most populous and central portion of the city, and but for the efficiency of the Hook and Ladder Company, the flames would have spread to neighboring buildings and adjacent squares. All present must have been surprised and pleased to see how rapidly either of the steamers mastered the flames—for it was but for a short while only that both could be used at the same time. The unanimous opinion of those present was that one at least of the houses destroyed would have been saved if there had been water sufficient for either of the engines.

Now, with great respect for gentlemen—large property owners and citizens of character—who petitioned for the purchase of another steamer, we desire to suggest that the five or six thousand dollars which it will cost could be more advantageously expended in the construction of cisterns. We are satisfied that the engines we already have will be able to control any fire which will occur in the next decade, if they are supplied with water. Anyhow, another will only render the deficiency of water more apparent without adding at all to the efficiency of the Department.

We have spoken in no desire to find fault; with no partisan view, but only from a wish to render property more secure from the ravages of fires. Our city government ought to spend money to improve the facilities of our Fire Department, but not in the purchase of engines.

"Loyalty."

There is no word in the whole English vocabulary which has gathered more of reproach and disrepute about it, on account of the manner in which, of late years, it has been perverted, than the word *Loyalty*, which, taken in its true significance of fidelity to the sovereign, in a Monarchy, or to the *Constitution*, in a Republic, is a noble and admirable sentiment and principle. Like a few other words, its meaning has been entirely reversed, by the way in which it has been employed, and it is now made to convey an idea diametrically different from that which originally and properly attached to it. It has come to mean devotion to *a faction*, that is waging war upon the Constitution, and seeking to *subvert* that sacred instrument—the advocacy of fanatical and dangerous innovations, utterly inconsistent with the true genius and spirit of our institutions—attachment to revolutionary and anarchical ideas, that can only triumph on the ruins of all that is good and venerated in government. And hence it is, that those who are now flippantly branded as "disloyal," are really the best and only friends of the Government and its Constitution; and those who, with a disgusting and Pharisaical affectation of political virtue, claim to be "trooly loil," are the most pestilent enemies of the *Republic*. And hence, too, it has come about, that the word "disloyalty," so far from having any terrors for good and patriotic men, is really accepted as a compliment and a *badge of honor* when flung at them by the corrupt and designing demagogues and destructives, who are seeking to rule or ruin.

"Loyalty," too, within a few years past, has been made to assume as many and as variant hues as the Chameleon, its prototype in the animal world. How, in North Carolina, particularly, during that interval, the miserable creatures, who arrogate all the "loilty," have changed its application with a most convenient frequency. For a considerable time after the surrender, it meant support of President Johnson's policy; and in a short time it consisted in denunciation of that functionary as the tyrant of the White House. In 1865 it signified, in the language of the late Gov. Holden, "unqualified opposition to negro suffrage"—now it means the elevation of the negro, not only to political, but social, equality. At one time it was contained in the doctrine that the States never were out of the Union—and anon, and still, in the idea that they are conquered provinces that need repeated reconstruction. And so on, through all the drivilling, shifting, contemptible phases of the word.

Whenever you hear a man, like that old coward, Jack Falstaff, prating of his prowess, you may write him down a wretched poltroon; and whenever you see one vaunting his *peculiar* honesty, you may count him a rascal. And so it is, whenever you hear one of these knaves in the South ringing the changes on his "loilty," you may set it down at once, that he was blatant for bringing on the war—that he wore a cockade, like Cantwell—that he was hot for "the black flag" and extermination of Yankees—that he was hard on negroes, if he ever owned any—and that, for at least a year or more after the close of the war, he was loud mouthed in his hostility to negro juries, negro office holding, negro suffrage, and even negro testimony in the Courts!

From "loyalty," as illustrated by such fellows at the South, and by the mercenary party schemers and designing enemies of Republican liberty at the North, we pray most fervently to be delivered.

If these men are the exponents and exemplars of "loyalty," count us as *disloyal*.

The Question of Labor.

The terrible insurrection which is now bringing misery and shame upon Paris and France, interests directly every civilized nation because of its connection with the most difficult social problems of the day—labor and pauperism. Even in this country, although it would seem as if centuries must elapse before these problems press their solution upon us, yet they begin to present themselves in various shapes in the great centres of population. The late strike in the coal districts of Pennsylvania differs from similar movements in Europe only in degree. Its solution seems to have been the voluntary emigration of a portion of the laborers which will increase the demand for labor at the mines, and enable it to command a better price. In Europe, the laborers being unable to emigrate, the solution would probably have been riot and bloodshed.

The theories of socialism took their rise when the development of modern industry created an *apparent* antagonism between capital and labor. We say apparent, for this antagonism is the *effect of factitious causes*, and ought not to exist. Superficial observers think that because it is the interest of the employer to obtain labor at the lowest rate, and of the laborer to obtain the highest wages possible, therefore the capitalist and the laborer are natural enemies. It is this false idea which has caused so much suffering in all manufacturing countries for the last century. It is estimated by the New York papers that the recent strike in the coal mines has already cost the miners $600,000 in wages lost.

Unfortunately, it is but too easy to persuade the working man, especially the European working man, who never accumulates anything, that his poverty is due to the oppression of the manufacturer, whom he soon learns to consider as a blood-sucking vampire, growing rich upon the sweat and toil of the poor. Some extreme cases have sometimes arisen to serve as an apparent justification of this hatred of the poor towards the rich. The terrible insurrection of Lyons in 1834, which was not subdued until Marshal Soult was sent against it with an army of 40,000 men, was the result of the sufferings of the silk weavers. By consequence of excessive competition and a rise in the price of the raw material, the silk weavers saw their wages reduced to eighteen cents per day of eighteen hours' labor. The manufacturers could not give more without bringing ruin upon themselves. The weavers could not subsist on their wages and they rose in arms, carrying banners, on which was inscribed: "If we can't live by our labor let us die fighting!" Many were killed, others imprisoned or exiled; and when their numbers had been thinned out, the rest managed to live. But the problem was not solved.

It is this fearful misery of the European masses in the cities and the manufacturing centres which has given rise to socialism. The last revolutions of France were social, much more than political. The emeutes of 1848 and 1849 were essentially so, as well as this last insurrection of Paris. The 200,000 workingmen of that city, without employment at the end of the war, indebted to their landlords for three quarters' rent and without any means of paying, were but too ready to believe those who told them that the government must support them, and if it would not, then overthrow it and establish another that would.

The most statesman-like utterance that has been heard in the French Chambers for many years, was that of Mons. Thiers before the Assembly sometime ago. "If," said he, "the Republic is to be consolidated, it is only by undertaking emigration upon a large scale." He is right. The great evil under which nearly all Europe suffers, is over-density of population. If it were not for the safety-valve of emigration, England and Germany would long ago have been convulsed by socialistic revolutions. While the Germans, the Irish, the English emigrate by hundreds of thousands, the French do not emigrate at all. Hence the crowding of all professions and trades until, for every work that is to be done, from the highest department to the lowest, there are two or three times more workers than are needed. Thus, the competition of the laborers themselves, underbidding each other, reduces their wages to the lowest living standard; and if a crisis comes, some of them must starve unless the government feed them.

It is this state of things which explains the turbulence of the city populations of France. There the unfortunate workman has no future, and hope is crushed out of him. His prospect is to die in the public hospital and be buried in the paupers' cemetery, leaving his family destitute behind him. In his ignorance of the laws of Political Economy he seeks in a change of government a relief which can arise only from a less crowded state of society. Too late he finds himself no better off under a republic than under a monarchy, and he is equally ready to revolt against both. America, even after all the errors of her rulers, is still the promised land of the European working man. Here alone he can have a certainty of rising to competency, honor and position, if he is only industrious and honest. Emigration is at once a blessing to him and a relief to his overburdened country.

The New York *Sun* (Radical) says: "President Grant has issued a proclamation preliminary to putting in force the unconstitutional electioneering Ku-Klux bill. Very good. Let him issue as many proclamations as he likes. But he will do well to be very cautious in taking any more practical steps to carry out the bill. It is a double-edged weapon, and the edge reaches down into the very handle."

Grant's Renomination.

The New York *Sun* makes a count of the Republican side of the Senate on the Presidential question, and the result is by no means encouraging to Grant. Of the twelve New England Senators it claims that Morrill, of Maine, Patterson, Cragin, Morrill, of Vermont, Sumner, Sprague and Ferry are decidedly hostile to his renomination, while four others, Hamlin, Wilson, Anthony and Buckingham are either against him or lukewarm in his favor—leaving Edmunds, of Vermont, "his sole hearty supporter east of the Hudson." Of the Republican Senators from the Middle and Western States, it names Fenton, Trumbull, Logan, Schurz, Cauldwell, Tipton and Windom as "openly opposed to him," while it puts down Scott, of Pennsylvania, Sherman, of Ohio, and Pratt, of Indianna, as giving him "but feeble encouragement." The *Sun* thus sums up:

> Without going into the carpet-bag States, whose Senators exert little influence upon public opinion, we here have a list of twenty-one Senators, more than half of whom stand foremost in the Senate, and fourteen of them are resolutely bent upon preventing Grant's nomination, while the other seven would doubtless rejoice to see him overthrown.
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> The influences that defeated the nomination of Mr. Seward in 1860 had their fountain-head their mainspring, in the Senate. Though he was one of the chief founders of the Republican party, and for years had stood almost unequalled among the expounders of its principles and the defenders of its policy, a less powerful body of Senators than that now arrayed against Grant proved strong enough to overwhelm him in the Convention at Chicago, and nominate Lincoln in his stead. If General Grant knew anything of the political history of the country, we might pertinently ask him if he imagines that he is able to bear up against such a Senatorial combination as that which prostrated William H. Seward.

These affairs are none of ours, and we propose to do no more than to glance at them as among the indications of the times.

"The Mote in Thy Brother's Eye."

We suppose there is nothing which strikes us of the South as more extraordinary, than the gullibility of all classes of Northern people in regard to the social and political condition of those States formerly united as a Southern Confederacy.

The whole South appears to be indeed a *terra incognita* to those whom the sword has decided shall be in future "our fellow citizens of the North."

This is true not only of those who by party affiliation might not unnaturally be expected to regard us with distrust and dislike, but it is even true of those who we suppose, on the whole, feel kindly towards us.

A remarkable instance of this "capacity to believe" has first been brought to our notice by a recent article in *The Nation*, a Democratic paper of great ability and influence. It is in regard to the Mr. Luce, a Northern man of the Radical persuasion, who came to North Carolina some twelve months ago and was employed by the Wilkes in superintending their iron works in the western part of the State, to whom we referred several days since. Having been found incompetent or unfaithful he was after trial, discharged by his employers, and returned to the North. Here, feeling very venomous toward the people among whom he had been quietly sojourning, and who while they refrained from social intercourse with him, had, we are informed, treated him kindly, he is seized with the *cacoethes scribendi*, and writes a letter to the New York *Tribune*, in which the phials of his wrath are mercilessly poured on our devoted heads. He charges that the Ku Klux not only existed in North Carolina, but that he himself had been a victim of this terrible order; that negroes were frequently and most mercilessly flogged by them, and that they were the objects of the target-practice of the Southern chivalry. Nay more. He informs the readers of the *Tribune*, that being in a thinly settled region, he opened a Church on his land (pious man!) and got an Episcopal Minister—an ex Confederate by the way—to officiate in it and set up a Sunday school for negroes, but carefully excluded politics or anything relating to it from the course of instruction.

Immediately Ku-Kluxing commenced, the clergymen was maltreated and the scholars beaten and shot at—and the clergyman having been threatened with *hanging*—that worst use you can put a man to—was so frightened that he actually shut up his Church, and closed his Sunday-School operations.

Was there ever a story more improbable? Yet *The Nation*—in the whole as we have said friendly towards the South—believing every word of it, makes it the text for a long homily upon the advantages of civilization and education, of which we poor benighted Southerners possess so little.

The whole North will read this *canard* of the varacious Luce, but will never see, and would not believe if they saw, the denial *in toto* of the statements, made by Mr. Edward Wilkes and others. The Rev. Mr. Murdoch, the clergyman alluded to though not now assisting at the Iron Mines is, we are informed, greatly beloved and respected by all classes of people in that region of the State, and is frequently a most welcome and cherished guest of the various families to whom he formerly ministered in sacred things. It is hardly necessary to say futhermore, that while he was living near the mines, he was never directly or indirectly an employe of Luce's.

Yet our Northern "fellow-citizens" so shrewd about many things, believe every word of this remarkable piece of evidenc about the condition of the South.

We noticed the other day the trial and conviction of a man in Connecticut, who lived in habitual, open incest with five of his own daughters, his wife and the neighbors generally being well aware of the horrible relations existing between these young girls and their father. The Northern press has no time, in their anxiety to preach to the "howling barbarians" of the South, to utter one word of regret that such startling, shocking depravity could exist, heretofore unrebuked, in godly New England.

"Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?".

The Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Ledger* states that the negroes of the District of Columbia are very pertinacious in asserting their claims to a share in the new territorial offices. There are about a dozen negro applicants for the Secretaryship of the Territory, made vacant by the election of the late incumbent as Delegate to Congress. Among the most persistent are Fred Douglass and Professor Langston, of the negro law school in Washington.

A Narrow Gauge Railroad.

Narrow gauge railroads, on account of their cheapness and their practicability in places where it would not be possible to construct roads of the ordinary width, are attracting much attention in some parts of the United States. A thirty mile road is in process of construction from Cape Girardeau to the iron banks in Bolinger county, Missouri, of which one mile is finished. The cost of this mile, laid with T rail, has been $6,537 60, and the cost of the entire thirty miles is estimated at $213,000, allowing $16,875 for culverts, bridges, &c. The road bed is six feet wide on top, following the rise and fall of the ground where it does not exceed seventy feet to the mile, and winding round high hills and steep grades in curves of 200 feet radius, less than one-third that required for the ordinary gauge. Rolling stock sufficient for the requirements of such a road—say two locomotives, four passenger cars, thirty platform cars and ten box cars—are estimated at $27,000 additional, making a total cost for road and equipments of $240,000. For mining and all hilly regions the narrow track roads are peculiarly adapted, and they are also likely to come into extensive use as feeders to established lines of railway.

The Bonded Railroad Cars—New Application of Photography.

In illustration of the value to Philadelphia of the new regulation authorizing the transport in bond of merchandise landed at New York, the fact is mentioned that an invoice of goods received by the steamer City of Washington, on Saturday last, were delivered to the Philadelphia importer, duties paid, on Monday morning, twenty eight hours from the time of their landing from the steamer at New York city.

In this connection it is interesting to learn the device adopted by the government to prevent tampering with the car locks. These are plain padlocks, arranged so that a piece of glass is slipped over the keyhole and fastened. The lock cannot be opened without breaking the glass. These glasses are colored red, with figures etched on them by hydrofluoric acid. Of each piece, three photographic *fac similes* are taken, and then sent, duly packed in sets, to the officers who are to use them. Thus the officer in New York locks the car and forwards to the officer in Philadelphia a photograph of the piece of glass which he has put over the key hole. If, on the arrival of the car the lock should have been disturbed, the inspector knows it in an instant.

We understand that Mr. Geo. Bancroft has resigned his post as ambassador of the United States to the German Empire. We are not informed of Mr. Bancroft's reasons for this step. New York *Evening Post*.

The reason is plain enough. General Grant wants the place for some one else, It was promised to Mr. Orth, of Indiana, but the President recanted, under the influence of the State Department, and it was supposed Mr. Bancroft was moored safely. A few days ago unbottled Butler announced his intention to offer this place to Dr. Loring, of Massachusetts, if he would get out of the way as a competitor for the Governorship of that State.

But we are inclined to believe that this and other missions will be reserved to smooth the passage of the Treaty of Capitulation through the Senate. Brazil is kept open for that purpose; Turkey is understood to be in the same category; and there are others which may be vacated at short notice if the consideration be tempting enough for the hungry aspirants. Portugal is in the market, although Senator Lewis has given sufficient pledges of "loyalty" to insure the salary to his brother. Still, the President does not stand on ceremony. He thinks he may take liberties with his friends, and turn them out neck and heels, even when they are only beginning to learn the alphabet of official literature. There are many such victims of misplaced confidence. No man should venture to go abroad without insuring his tenure for six months, even at the high rates of policy which are now demanded by the brokers around the White House. We have got back to the war standard. Insurance is very dear.

Washington *Patriot*.

Democratic Primary Election in Baltimore

The primary election for members of the new Democratic Conservative City Convention, which took place in the respective wards of the city yesterday, begat a spirited contest. The polls were opened at noon and continued open until 6 p. m., and as the members of the party chose to make something of a contest with reference hereafter to the candidacy for the mayoralty, the largest vote ever polled at such an election in the city was brought out. The result is a complete triumph by the friends of Hon. Joshua Vansant (for mayor), they having carried every ward except one, in which an unpledged ticket was chosen without opposition. The total vote cast yesterday, exclusive of the fourteenth ward, from which no figures were received, was 14,368, of which the friends of Mr. Vansant claim a majority of 7,642 votes.—Baltimore *Sun*, *9th*.

Quit Drugging.

This is now admitted by the medical profession as a fundamental principle of healing science. It is wisely provided by the human economy that whenever anything is wrong in the physical system the natural forces of the body are brought to bear to expel the disease. The great aim, therefore, is to strengthen the natural powers. This has been kept in view by the skillful compounders of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which operates to give fresh vitality to all the organs of the body. The effect of this medicine upon the stomach, the liver and the kidneys, is prompt and decisive. The patient, who is wise enough to quit drugging and try the Bitters, soon feels as it he had taken a new lease of life, and as he continues the use of the article, he is overjoyed to find the streams of health coursing through his frame. It is prepared with great care, and its component parts are entirely vegetable. It is free from the objections so often urged against preparations of the kind. As a medicinal agent it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing and efficient. All who have used Hostetter's Stomach Bitters attest its virtues and commend it.

Even those who are in the enjoyment of perfect health frequently have need to have recourse to tonics as preventives of disease. We are never too well armed against the assaults of the "ills that flesh is heir to." In health or sickness this tonic cannot be taken regularly without giving vitality and elasticity to the system.

From the Richmond Dispatch.

The Last of Lee's Veterans Homeward Bound—His Experience in the North Since the War.

TRAMPING FROM PHILADELPHIA TO SAVANNAH.

More than six years have passed since the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, and the last soldier of that glorious old body has just now reached his home in the far South. The history of this old soldier since the close of the war is by no means lacking in interest, and the story of the scenes through which he has passed (as it has been narrated to the writer) shows his experience to have been varied and exciting. There are, perhaps, few men who fought on either side who could have endured the sufferings, both mental and physical, which fell to the lot of this old hero, and certainly not one who could have endured them all with greater fortitude or with a more determined spirit.

EDWARD WINNINGHAM

is the name of our veteran. He enlisted in the Furgason battery of artillery from Savannah, Georgia, and served under the command of Lieutenant Beauregard, a brother of the General. Coming to Virginia, and being put under the command of General Lee, the company fought in all the battles which marked the history of that army. At the second battle of Manasses Winningham was shot in the face, the ball passing through his cheek, shattering his jaw fearfully—indeed, marring the whole conformation of his face. One by one the poor fellow's teeth came out, and for a long time his surgeon believed them to be pieces of bone; but the nature of the wound proved to the contrary afterwards. Lying on the battle field, and unable through the agony which he suffered to get back to his friends, he was captured, taken to Philadelphia, and

PLACED IN A HOSPITAL

under the charge of Dr. Wood, of the United States army. To this gentleman and his nurse the war-worn soldier seems to be particularly attached, and spoke in glowing terms of the kindness received at their hands. The surgeon, after learning the nature of his wound, gave up the case as hopeless; but the man was determined not to die, and firm in this resolve he lived.—From time to time large numbers of our prisoners were exchanged and joined their own army, but Winningham's condition was such that Dr. Wood deemed it prudent to retain him, and there he remained until the surrender on the 10th of April, 1865, when, if he had been able, he would have been allowed to leave for his home on parole, as were his comrades in the field. In the mean time,

HIS WIFE,

who had been unable to reach him on account of her poverty, remained in Savannah until 12 months ago, when her heart bent upon seeing him again, she determined to make a final effort to reach Philadelphia. Through the kindly aid of an Episcopal minister, of whose congregation she was a member, the necessary funds were raised and she started in search of him. Finding the hospital, she was soon welcomed by her husband—but the joy of that meeting can better be imagined than described. There they remained—she nursing him, and paying those delicate attentions which can only come from a loving woman's hands—until about ten days ago, when he determined to make the attempt to

RETURN TO HIS NATIVE STATE

and to those whom he loved, in spite of his wound, which, after so long a time, was yet unhealed. But for a man who had been fed for more than two years through a quill, such a tramp seemed almost impossible.

The day set apart for the commencement of the journey arrived, however, and their first walk was to have been to Wilmington, Del., but the officers of the company passed the two, free of charge, to that city. At Wilmington they were given transportation to Baltimore, through the kindness of the Mayor of the former city. Arriving in Baltimore, the two travelers were out of funds, but far from being out of spirits, for they remembered too well the State in which they were. In the Monumental City, they were cared for by the police at one of the Stations, and the writer of this notice knows well the generous spirits of some of those men.—The next stage of their journey was to Washington. To this city, too, the happy couple were sent free, through the instrumentality of Mayor Banks, of Baltimore.

And now, having been thus far successful on his journey, and having reached

THE CAPITAL OF THE NATION,

the Confederate soldier thought that his chances for securing transportation from the Quartermaster General to his home at the expense of the Government quite good, and accordingly visited that functionary. But his anticipations were not realized, for General Meigs at once turned the case over to the Secretary of War, and directed Mr. Winningham to the office of that personage. After the usual delay he was ushered into his office and there stated his business. But it was of no avail, for Mr. Secretary Belknap, after learning that he had fought in the Confederate army, told the poor soldier that the Government could give no such person transportation, and that he had

"BETTER GO TO HIS REBEL FRIENDS FOR THEIR AID,"

and perhaps they would send him home. Leaving the office with a sad heart, he was accosted by a negro who appeared to be on duty in some capacity or other. This individual asked him how he could expect the Government he had fought against to send him home. To this and other insulting questions the soldier replied by saying that at that place he could not answer the fellow as he deserved, but outside he would cool him off effectually; and furthermore, he wished for another war, that he might teach him his place and how to keep it.

Refused aid from the Government, the two pilgrims footed it from Washington to Alexandria, the husband sore and weary and the wife sick at heart and well nigh broken down. From Alexandria they went to Gordonsville by rail, being under obligations to the Mayor of Alexandria for the free ride. At Gordonsville,

IN THE HEART OF THE OLD DOMINION,

he felt sure that he could get a ride to Richmond, but he was disappointed in learning that there was no officer there who could grant his request. So they walked to Richmond. Near the 50th mile post the two stopped at a farm house to rest, and here they were hospitably entertained. Their host was a Mr. Thompson, who kept them all night, and in the morning supplied them with everything necessary for their comfort, and started them on their journey. From that point to this city they traveled without an incident worthy of note.

It was on Tuesday night last, at 9 o'clock, that the weary travelers reached the former

CAPITAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

They went at once to the Second Police Station, where the soldier told his story to Sergeant Perrin, the officer in charge. The Sergeant being deeply interested and touched at the soldier's story, sent to a neighboring restaurant and ordered for the two a comfortable supper, of which they partook with evident relish, having had nothing to eat during the day. A comfortable bed was prepared for them, and there they spent the night. A gentleman who chanced to be at the station when the two arrived, at once entered into conversation with the soldier, and found from his conversation that he was really as he represented himself to be, this gentleman being familiar with Savannah, its citizens and its war history.

On the following morning, (Wednesday) the stranger was provided by the gentleman with a letter of recommendation for aid to Mayor Keiley and Justice White, both of whom aided him in securing him the courtesy of free travel to Savannah.—For this he was also partly indebted to the kindness of Col. Thomas H. Wynne, President of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad. On Thursday afternoon he took the 2:50 train for the South. As the cars moved off he returned his thanks to his kind friends here, and assured the policeman on duty there that he was at last

"ALL RIGHT."

Notwithstanding the horrible character of his wound and his almost sightless eyes when the days of the war were spoken of, his whole being seemed to be alive with the spirit of the "lost cause," and he seemed to regret nothing but the failure of the Confederate arms.

From the Richmond, (Ky.) Register.

A Husband Cuts His Throat Rather than See His Wife Taken to a Lunatic Asylum.

On Friday morning last Mrs. Hannah Terrill, wife of James Terrill, was tried before the county court as a lunatic. She was adjudged insane and ordered to be sent to the asylum at Lexington. She had become so wild and unmanageable that her friends and family thought it would be dangerous to herself and to others to allow her longer to go free. For some weeks past her mind has been wrong, and her husband had at last reluctantly consented for her to go to the asylum, as her madness seemed to increase, and it became necessary to restrain her from violent action.

On Thursday morning, when the wagon had been ordered to come for her, and while she was lying bound upon the bed, ready to be taken from his home and his children and confined in a lonesome cell of the mad-house, Terrill rushed into the room, a long knife glittering in his hand, and, exclaiming that he couldn't see her go, that it was more than heart of mortal could bear, he plunged the knife into his own neck and cut his throat from ear to ear. He died almost instantly and without speaking another word. Falling, bleeding and dying at her bedside, for a moment a gleam of intelligence was seen to shoot across her sad, wild face, and the poor unfortunate creature seemed to comprehend the dreadful tragedy which had just been enacted. It was but momentary, however, for from that hour until she was lodged in the asylum her woful cries and shoutings never ceased.

When brought to town it was deemed best not to take her from the wagon before the jury, as two strong men were required to hold her quiet, and her ravings, first a prayer to God to bless her and to save her, and then terrible oaths and imprecations upon supposed enemies, rendered unnecessary any personal examination by the jury.

It was a distressing sight—that wild, mournful, haggard face; those large gray eyes that seemed to start from their sockets as the mad captive struggled to be freed from the strong yet kind hands that bound her; that long, flowing hair, loosed from the comb; that terrible maniac stare which told that reason had left its throne; those piercing screams and prayers and oaths that rent the air, and then the sad thought that poor Jim Terrill lay cold and dead because his heart could not see the companion of his younger years, the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children, torn away from his desolate home forever—all these made an impression upon the hearts and minds of those who witnessed the deplorable spectacle which, in this world, will never be forgotten.

From the Washington Chronicle.

Foreign Born Congressmen.

The following is given as a list of members of the present Congress born in foreign countries:

1. Eugene Casserly, Senator from California, born in Ireland, 1823.
2. Richard H. Whitely, Representative of the 2d district of Georgia, born in county Down, Ireland, in 1839.
3. Carl Schurz, Senator from Missouri, born at Liblar, near Cologne, Germany, in 1829.
4. Gustavus A. Finkelnburg, Representative of the 2d district of Missouri, born near Cologne, on the Rhine, in 1837.
5. Samuel S. Burdett, Representative of the 5th district of Missouri, born in Leicestershire, England, in 1866.
6. Thomas Kinsella, Representative of the 2d district of New York, born in Ireland in 1833.
7. William R. Roberts, Representative from the 5th district of the same State, born in Ireland in 1830.
8. Samuel Griffith, Representative from the 20th district of Pennsylvania, born in Wales, Great Britain, in 18 6.
9. James H. Platt, Representative from the 2d district of Virginia, born in St. John's, Canada, in 1837.
10. Alexander Mitchell, Representative from the 1st district of Wisconsin, born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, 1817.

Recapitulation: Four born in Ireland; two in England; two in Germany; one in Scotland, and one in Canada.

A Growl from a Colored Man.

George T. Downing, the colored oysterman and ex-congressional caterer, has written a political letter against the republicans, which effusion the New York Herald calls a "Bivalvular Boomerang." Downing says that he sees on all sides discriminations on account of color made by the republican party, "which are odious, unfair, ungenerous, depressing, and which show a lack of respect for the colored man."

Misapplication.

Clergyman's Wife, who takes great interest in her Industrial School.

"Jane Brown, I'm sorry to hear from your mistress that you are not diligent at your needle work! Now, you know who it is that finds work for idle hands to do?"

Jane Brown, artfully thinking to propitiate. If you please, 'M, yeou dew, 'M!!"

Punch.

Some one advises young ladies to beware of marrying a man, the initial of whose name is the same as their own, since there is an old saying which tells us that—

> "To change the name and not the letter
> Is to change for the worse and not for the better."

Mr. Charles Ford, son of John T. Ford, manager of the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, sailed from Baltimore on April 29 for Europe. Young Mr. Ford left the University of Virginia (where he was educated) at the close of the session of 1870, and during the fall visited most of the principal cities of this country, noting the workings of the opera houses and theatres. He now visits England and Europe with the same purpose in view, besides making some arrangements for the first season of the new opera house in Baltimore.

Another carpet-bagger has been brought to grief. Gov. Warmouth, of Louisiana, in a speech made a few days since, at a reception given to Gen. Sherman in New Orleans, facetiously alluded to the fact of his having been "badly demoralized" in the attack upon Vicksburg, and to his having so icited a leave of absence on that occasion. Gen. Sherman responded, "You ought to have been shot, sir." The Governor probably had not much appetite for the rest of the banquet.

From the New Orleans Picayune, May 5

A Syren's Romance—An Episode in Real Life.

There died yesterday, on Music street, in this city, a remarkable woman. Her name was Jenet Maria Lafoux, a Creole of singular beauty and fascination. She was educated in France, and possessed all of the elegance and courtliness of manners, the piquancy and *ensouciance* which distinguished the ladies of that country. It must have been, however, that some evil drug was in her nature, for she, soon after returning to her home, abandoned the v[illegible] cious life of a cyprian. At the time of the Federal occupation she was in the zenith of her beauty, and soon brought around her a coterie of admirers. So infatuated did a young Lieutenant become of her that he made her his wife, and, [illegible] North, introduced [illegible] of which she could so easily [illegible] ornament. But [illegible] nature, [illegible] acquired, [illegible] ed its supremacy [illegible] into the old path [illegible]—The scandal she caused in a Northern city it is useless to repeat here.

Suffice it to say her husband, in despair, committed suicide, and infinite distress was brought upon his family. She went to Washington, and was notable there for fascination and coquetry, and at one time exercised a controlling influence in one of the Departments of State. To obtain her favor was almost equivalent to having any measure passed through the National Legislature. But after awhile she disappeared from the Capital and returned to her home. Here her old life was resumed, and a career of brilliant dissipation has ended in her death.

She was a tall, slender lady, of splendid physical development and imposing presence. She had full black eyes and hair that fell around her shoulders like a shower of golden fleece. Her face was fair and fresh, and vied in its beauty with the lily and the rose. Her hands and arms were models of elegance and symmetry.—She was fascinating, alluring and accomplished, of violent passions, impulsive and headstrong, and yet, when she chose to be, as wily as the serpent. Such was the beautiful fiend that is dead.

A Great Farmer's Maxims.

The successful life of Mr. Jacob Strawn, the prince of American farmers, is attributed to the close observance of the following maxims, originated by himself:

When you wake up do not roll over, but roll out. It will give you time to ditch all your sloughs, break them, harrow them and sow with timothy and red clover. One bushel of clover to two bushels of timothy is enough.

Make your fence high, tight and strong, so that it will keep cattle and pigs out.

If you have a brush, make your lots secure and keep your hogs from the cattle, for if the corn is kept clean they will eat it better than if it is not.

Be sure to get your hands to bed by seven o'clock, they will rise early by force of circumstance. Pay a hand, if he is a poor hand, all you promise him; if he is a good one, pay him a little more; it will encourage him to do still better.

Always feed your hands as well as you do yourself, for the laboring men are the bone and sinew of the land, and ought to be well treated.

I am satisfied that getting up early, industry and regular habits, are the best medicine prescribed for health.

When rainy, bad weather comes, so that you can't work out doors, cut, split and haul your wood.

Make your racks, fix up your fences or a gate that is off its hinges, or weather-boarding your barn where the wind has blown the siding off, or patching the roof of your barn or house.

Study your interest closely, and do not spend any time in electing Presidents, Senators and other small officers, or talking of hard times when spending your time in whittling store-boxes, etc.

Take your time and make calculations; don't do things in a hurry, but do them at the right time, and keep your mind as well as the body employed.

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Durham, Plato, Shelby,
Gash, L. S., Hendersonville.

General Butler and Admiral Porter are both announced to be present at the army reunion in Boston on the 12th. What a cordial meeting that will be.

M. Alfred Michels, who takes a very French view of the great statesman, has written a new life of Prince Bismarck, published at Brussels.

Valparaiso intends to obtain a water-supply by the river Mapocha. The length of the proposed aqueduct will be forty Spanish leagues.

The Democrats have elected a Mayor and Council in Cumberland, Md.